



*September Comes to McMicken —*

And with September comes the horde of lads and lasses from Withrow and Hughes, from Long Island, N. Y., and Mountain City, Tenn. Old McMicken, smiling in the Indian Summer sunshine, welcomes them. Bright eyed freshmen, eager and expectant, sophomores proudly displaying vigilance badges, juniors who don't care a hell of a lot, and seniors who do—seniors who may never again feel the thrill of September coming 'round the corner. Seniors who envy freshmen. Freshmen who envy seniors.

Something about the first few days of a college year make them seem to belong to freshmen. Though the frosh look up to upper classmen, the whole world smiles down on them. We like freshmen. They are gay to extravagance. They are wise, too. They don't accept the gestures of sophistication for anything more than gestures. They know that life holds gallantry and fear as well as gay folly.

So Old McMicken, soon to take its place among the things that were, smiles once more on vivacious young things who are befuddled by the glorious red tape of registration, and helpful but knowing sophomores with an eye toward rushing. Ah, Time the resistless, works subtle changes in us!

Let us dance, study, and dance again for tomorrow we may graduate.

## PERHAPS POETIC JUSTICE



*One may go Delta Zeta, another may let the Zeta Taus ribbon her, but right now they are too excited about registering and about being photographed to think much. Or to even think.*



*Can you imagine a pretty female like this registering in the Engine school? But then can you imagine a Chi O. doing anything you expect her to?*